

# The Times.

OWOSSO, MICHIGAN.

GEO. M. DEWEY, EDITOR.

FROM TYRE TO MT. CARMEL.

(Continued from First Page.)

pitched their tents on Tabor and waited for Sisera. Sisera heard of it lying in his castle of Harosheth, and spoiling for a fight. He threw open the gates of his stronghold and rode out at the head of his army. They marched down the mountains with trumpets and flags and prancing horses and 900 chariots of iron. The morning sun gleamed on their shields and spears and helmets. They were well disciplined, well equipped and went on joyfully and in perfect order to meet the Hebrews, without any thought but of victory.

But the poor Hebrews were huddled together on the top of the mountain fearing and trembling. They hadn't a spear nor a shield in the whole army. They came from their farms at the call of Deborah to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They brought with them whatever they could lay hands on, ploughshares, coulters, axes, mattocks, goads, pitchforks, anything that could puncture the flesh of a Canaanite. The night fell on both armies sleeping in sight of each other's campfires. The morning broke in a pelting rainstorm. Neither army could see the other. The rain slanted against the backs of the Hebrews and beat full in the faces of the Canaanites. A cloud hung over the mountain, and the opportunity had come. "Up!" said Deborah, "is not the Lord gone out before you?" They seized their rude weapons and ran through the clouds. Down the side of the mountain they went with the speed and fury of an avalanche and threw themselves upon the enemy. "They fought from Heaven," Deborah sang, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Surprised by the onset the Canaanites fell back from tent to tent, from line to line until the whole army scattered like a bank of leaves in a November gale. Down the valley they swept—between the steep rocks, men and horses and 900 chariots of iron—a wild, struggling mass, swirling like the swollen river beside which they ran, crowding, pushing, pulling, friend clutching friend and dragging him under. Horses rearing and planting their hoofs in corpses, chariot wheels dripping with blood. In front the gorge grew still narrower and close behind were the Hebrews with their axes and flails and pitchforks. It was a madder rout than a herd of Buffaloes in full chase on the prairies, or a stampede of wild horses. They crowded on down the valley, they choked up the mouth of the gorge. The river Kishon ran through it, swollen with heavy rain. It leaped from its bed and dashed itself against the perpendicular rock on one side and then turned and bore down with its deep current against the other. There was no escape for them. In front was the river. On both sides straight walls of rock, and behind axes and flails and pitchforks. It was a choice of deaths only. Rather, there was no choice, no time for it, no chance with that pushing mass behind setting against them like an ocean tide, surging and seething and throwing them up into the gorge like waves on the shore. They must go on. The river Kishon was before them. It had drained off the blood from many a battle field—but never any like this. Its margin was clotted blood. Its current ran deep with it. And where it broke against the rocks it sprayed up red flakes of blood. They came to the brink of it and started back. Then were the horses hoofs broken with their prancing—"the prancings of their mighty ones," sang Deborah. But there was no help for it—they must go in. The crowd behind pushed them to the edge, they fell in. They swam, or tried to swim. No one could swim in a torrent like that—packed together in a dense mass, struggling and pulling each other under—not a man escaped, or only one. That whole vast army that had marched up the river the day before with flags and trumpets in the pride of unconquerable strength, were carried back again on the top of its waves, or rolled along on its muddy bottom—dead bodies. The river Kishon swept them away—that ancient river—the river Kishon.

And now the question arose; should we follow on along the course of the river through the narrow pass into the Plain of Jezreel? Or should we try the ascent of the mountain, to the rock of Elijah's sacrifice on the eastern extremity of Carmel? It seemed as if frowned over us like attempting to climb up the steep side of a wall, and how horses could ever get up there and carry us on their backs unless they had feet like spiders was something that we thought we would wait to see before we believed it. But

they did, and none but an Arab horse could have done it. We had to lean far forward and hold on to keep from sliding back over their tails, as they went on up and up scarcely stopping for breath, two straight hours. How they did it, I don't know, but I thought I saw my horse once in the steepest place—laying hold of a bush and pulling himself up with his teeth, while he curled his tail around another bush as a kind of sheet-anchor to hold him steady, and keep his eye in the wind. But when at last we reached the summit and stood on the old rock called to this day El-Maharakah, the "sacrifice," and where that mysterious sect of Druses to this very day, offer sacrifices once a year; when from that highest pinnacle overlooking all Northern Israel, we saw on one side the Plain of Sharon bordering on the sea the "plain of roses" in the poetry of Israel, where the waves ran up and kissed the red lips of the shore and back again like a timid lover into the ocean, and on the other side Mt. Tabor, looking like the shaggy head of a giant lifting itself out of the plain; and beyond the wavy slopes of Gilboa, where the shields of the mighty were thrown away, and Saul and Jonathan the glory and the beauty of Israel fell down together on the high places of that Waterloo of Jewish history, and still farther away in the hazy distance the mountains of Moab beyond Jordan; and off to the north and east, the hill-slopes which surround the city of Nazareth; and all bursting upon the view at once; it was a sight such as in beauty and sublimity and historic interest combined is nowhere equalled in the world. And what a place for the sacrifice of Elijah! What a meaning in that command of God's solitary Prophet to the people of Israel, "come to me to the top of Carmel." Come to me where from the mountain summit you may look down on all the scenes of your past history! Come to me to the top of Carmel and from that standpoint, determine, make up your mind and choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If Jehovah—the Lord God of your father's and your nation's history—then follow Him. But if this new wooden God of Jezebel—then follow him." There, without any reasonable doubt, is the place of the altar, and on both sides standing room for a vast multitude. The very well is there still full of water, of which Elijah said "Bring it and pour it on to the sacrifice—do it again—do it the third time"—until the water ran round the trench, and the descending fire licked it up, and the dust and the stones and consumed the sacrifice and the shout went up from that mighty assemblage that evening until it was answered back from every hill-top and cavern, and the far off valleys of the ocean rolling against the shore, "the Lord, He is the God! the Lord, He is the God!"

The subject of the next lecture will be, From Nazareth to Cana and the Sea of Galilee.

## Perilous Performance.

A MOTHER WREHLING HER INFANT ACROSS A WIRE SIXTY FEET FROM THE GROUND.

Never since the first circus bill was posted in this city has so large and enthusiastic an audience gathered under canvas here, to witness with awe and trembling the exploits of athletes, laugh heartily at the antics and jokes of the clown, and pursue the study of natural history from living models, as attended Forepaugh's Great Show last night. As an entirety, this show is all that is advertised. The specialties are all sterling and unusually attractive in their own peculiar way, but perhaps none more so than the thrilling performance on the high wire by Zola, the French lady gymnast. Last evening the appearance of Zola profusely decorated with handsome medals, testimonials of delight presented her by the crowned heads of nearly every known quarter of the world, and accompanied by her child, was a signal for a hearty and rapturous reception. But when she fearlessly consented to attempt her most difficult task, the wheelbarrow act, notwithstanding the bad condition of the wire from lack of time in preparing it, those of her audience who understood what she was about to undertake, gazed in breathless expectation, half fear, half admiration. The wire was stretched fifty feet above the ground and the performance referred to consists in wheeling her little daughter in a barrow along this wire, across the entire arena! When everything was in readiness, obedient to a sign from her mother, the little one picked up a basket of flowers and clambered into the clumsy vehicle as composedly as though it were her baby carriage, and she about to be trundled across the park. Returning her mother's gaze with a smile of confidence, she nestled down into one corner, and the intrepid woman started, pushing her precious burden before her, on the perilous trip out into space. Arriving half way on her journey, she knelt down on the wire, and the courageous little girl rose in the barrow, and scattered the bouquets right and left on her audience, who gazed upward in breathless wonder and trepidation. Again the journey was resumed, and step by step mother and child approached the close of their blood-curdling feat. This is certainly one of Madame's most difficult, and at the same time, successful feats, and she is the only woman who ever displayed nerve enough to undertake it. In addition to this, she crosses the wire riding a velocipede, with her feet clogged with baskets, also walks blindfolded, and performs a number of almost impossible high wire acts, that have never before been attempted. It is understood Mr. Forepaugh pays her a salary of \$1,000 per week, an unheard of amount for any star, ever before the public heretofore. She appears every night that the circus shows here.

The above is from the Cleveland Herald. On Wednesday, May 31st, Forepaugh's Great Show is to exhibit here, and all who attend will have an opportunity of witnessing Zola in her wonderful act.

# 22 TRAINED ELEPHANTS WITH THE GREAT FOREPAUGH SHOW

WITH MANY OTHER MARVELOUS WONDERS, WILL BE AT



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LARGEST IN THE WORLD! (18th ANNUAL TOUR.) With 2, 3, and requires often 4 GREAT RAILWAY TRAINS.

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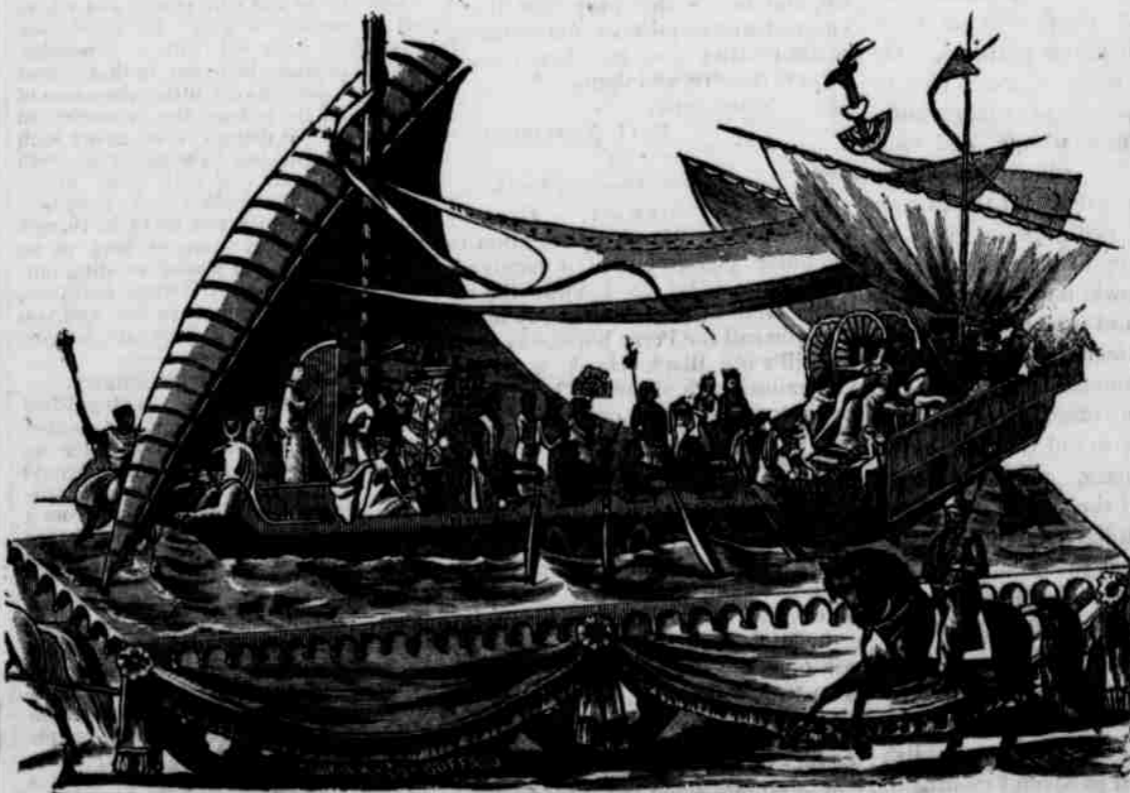
## 12 COLOSSAL SHOWS COMBINED

Constituting the most gigantic combination of tented exhibitions in the universe. Daily expenses greater, canvas larger, parade grander, costs more, shows more, and is the most perfect, chaste and respectable traveling exhibition ever organized. Look at the unparalleled and astonished array of famous foreign features: First and only Great Herd of 22 Performing Elephants, and the just added Biggest Born of Earth, "Bolivar," POSITIVELY THE HEAVIEST AND

## BIGGEST ELEPHANT ON EARTH!

\$150,000 will be forfeited if any circus in the world can duplicate the unparalleled act of Sig. Leonati, from Milan, Racing upon a Bicycle up and down a Spiral Elevated Roadway 60 Feet in Height! or the Famous French Troupe—Sibons, from Paris, in their blood-curdling gymnastic exhibitions; or the incomprehensible, Fearless Velocity of ALBION RACING 60 MILES AN HOUR ON A NINE FEET HIGH BICYCLE!

The 3 Greatest Living Lady Riders in the World. Louisa Renz, from Berlin. Lizzie Deacon, from London. Kate Stokes, America. Behold! See! 100 Peerless Performers! Tallest Giants! Smallest Dwarfs! Zola Blown from a Cannon! Man with Horns! Wild Men Zulus! 200 Performing and Ring Horses! Two-Horned Rhinoceros! Hippopotami! Mile Monster Serpents! Trained Lions! Tigers! Hyenas! Giraffe! Handsome Women! Fat Ladies! Big Babies! Two Race Track Arenas equal to any!



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Seats for 20,000 in the Cloud-Towering Pavilions! 5,000 Opera Chairs on the Grand Stand! Three Great Bands! PEERLESS, POETIC, PRINCIPALLY, GRAND, GORGEOUS, FREE STREET PARADE, Every forenoon of Exhibition Day. The Regal Splendors of the Orient, the Whole World Tributary to the Colossal Carnival Cavalcade. Jubilee Singers, and 3 GREAT BANDS OF MUSIC. A SOLID TWO-MILLION DOLLAR PAGEANT. No Shoddy—No Sham. It is all there—not on paper, but a tangible reality; can be seen by all, and it is worth more to see the Grand Street Parade of the Great Forepaugh Show than it is all the Inside and Outside Displays of nearly all the Shows in America.

ADMISSION—50 cents for adults; Children under 9 years, 25 cents. The usual slight advance for Reserved Chairs. Excursion rates and trains on all railroads on day of show.

JOHN A. FOREPAUGH, MANAGER.

ADAM FOREPAUGH, ADAM FOREPAUGH, JR., PROPRIETORS.